From: **Noreen Andrew**
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Subject: experience in the childcare protection.

Hello, my name is Noreen Andrew. I am 32 years old, the first knock on my door in sheshatshiu was when I was 8 years old my parents were going through a divorce. My dad has been drinking and leaving us alone. me and my twin sister answered the door to see who it was two social workers, asking us questions where my dad was and who was home. My dad came home within 5 minutes. It was ongoing for 4 years so my dad .it was on going for four years. We went back and forth to my grandmothers and my aunt's house. Then my mom finally came home after four years without no contact. I remember me and my sister begging her to stay with her because of the surfing from house to house because my dads drinking. After a while my dad agreed to stay with my mom and her partner in quebec. My first experience was in 2006. When I was 12 years old my mom and I were living in sept iles, Quebec. she didn't have the ability to care for me anymore after a few months being in her care,me and my sister were really rebelous and defiant. because we grew really andry at our mother because she left my dad for another man. so she decided to take me and my sister to social services in sept iles and left us there. i remember sitting there feeling abandoned by my own mother it angered me that she didnt want us anymore. me and my sister were crying sitting in the hallway. the workers took us in a car drove us in the rez into a small house they called the foyer. the foyer workers took us downstairs and assigned us in dfferent rooms, it was all white and every wndow was barred with metal. i remember hearing other kids crying and banging on the walls. i was really scared. they placed me in the room seperately from my twin sister. they took our belongings and placed it in a differently area. when i got to my assigned room they closed my door and locked it. they only let us out a hour every day in the kitchen area only and too have a ciggerette. there was no bathrooms in the rooms we had to wait for our hour to use the bathroom. they take us out one hour for morning breakfast then lunch one hour then one hour supper and one hour before bed. we stay in the room doors locked other than the hours. we go do our laundry. i remember feeling so isolated and lost. before we went in the foyer i went to the clinic and found out i was pregnant. then we got sent to montreal to another grouphome. we stayed there for 7 months iin dorval batshaw center for kids. my dad got us back and year later and we had to stay in a other group home falicity in sheshatshiu. for a month for me because i had to give birth to my son. my boy was born in 2007 and i gave him up for traditional adoption to my mother. so now today i lost my language and dont know my cultral rites about being innu. the generational truama that the goverment caused my family to lose our langauge and lose our culture i havent grown up in nutshamit or never

went camping. my parents spoke in english to me growing up and i speak my kids in english as well. today im trying my best to break the colinized world and bring back my culture and learning to read and write in innu. speaking bits of innu to my children. thank you for reading for story.